

The Family Circle.

A HYMN OF TRUST.

Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him whatever betide;
Thou'lt find him in the evil days,

What can these anxious cares avail,
These never ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail,

NATHIE'S KNITTING-NEEDLE—A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

Mr. Spencer thought his little boy
Nathie was always under his feet;
going out or coming in, he was in
danger of stepping upon the child.

locked folks up; saw mens in there,
saw womens, heard somebody sing,
saw a man make shoes.
His mother interrupted him at full
tide: "Where had he found his
knitting-needle?"

"Why didn't I give Nathie the be-
nefit of the doubt in the first place?"
exclaimed Mrs. Spencer. "I must go
now and dry his tears. Poor little
martyr!"
WONDERS IN FAMILIAR THINGS.
"Harry, gravely. You know every-
thing, almost; don't you?"

THE OLD OAKEN CRADLE.
Sweet scenes of my boyhood! I love to recall
them,
Electric they shimmer on mem'ry's warm
sky,

THE NEW WIFE.
Mr. — was a professor of religion,
and was considered quite a good
man. He had the misfortune to lose
his wife, who was also pious.

man! I know also what you will
have. Already you have been twice
at death's door; and the gin will not
drive off that chill. You will have
typhus fever and death.